A Butt-Warming Spring Break

By Dr. Kriege

"That was completely inappropriate, Joanne!" Jayme scolded as the hotel door flew open. Her long legs carried her across the room in just a few strides. Her limbs were bare and tanned, poking out from the denim shorts she was wearing over a white and blue striped swimsuit. A moment later the wide cowboy hat she was wearing went flying onto the bed as she turned to face her younger sister, hands on her hips in the stern stance which was the perfect image of their mother.

Behind her, sixteen-years-old Joanne followed her older sibling into the room, arms folded. She too wore a swimsuit, dark purple, covered with a thin cotton shirt and skirt in lacy black. A matching sun hat covered her hair and she still had her sunglasses on.

"Oh don't be so dramatic. You won didn't you? And think of the holiday we can have with the money," Joanne replied, tossing her own hat onto the bed and clipping her folded sunglasses to her waistband.

"It's my holiday, Joanne," Jayme snapped back. "You begged to be able to come out here to join me on spring break, and I let you because I know how strict Mamma and Poppa can be and thought you could do with a break to cut loose. But within reason. Darn it Joanne, that was all our holiday money you gambled with. If we'd lost it we couldn't have even paid the hotel bill." Jayme's face was flushed with more than just the Florida heat. Indeed it was going from pink to crimson in stark contrast to her straw yellow locks as her anger increased.

Joanne folded her arms, anger rising in her own face too. "Mamma is strict? Have you looked in a mirror lately, Jayme?" she sneered.

Jayme paused, realising she was still in the same hands-on-hip stance she's been scolded in by her mother so many times before. Embarrassed, she dropped her arms, then caught herself.

"I'm in charge Joanne. That was the agreement. You could come join me for the weekend of spring break, but I was in charge. You acted without consulting me and put all our holiday money at risk. You know what Momma would do if she were here."

Joanne snorted. "Yeah, well if you think I'm letting you spank me you can forget it!"

For what seemed like a long moment the two sisters seemed they would reignite the rivalry that had marked their early teens. Jayme broke the deadlock by stepping forwards, but Joanne was fast, despite her smaller size, and darted quickly for the bathroom, slamming the door and throwing her weight behind it as she fumbled with the lock.

"Joanne Agatha Schmidt, get back out here this instant! Jayme cried, suddenly aware how exactly like their mother she sounded. Stunned, she stepped back, her mind reeling. Was she becoming their mother? Mamma had always loved them, but oh boy had she spanked them. Them and all their siblings. Even Juniper was earning her fair share of sore bottoms these days, but Jayme and Joanne had spent more time across their mother's lap than the remainder of their family combined. Was she becoming the spank-happy teenager she used to be? Or their mother? Was that a bad thing?

The room seemed to swirl around her, and Jayme staggered, sitting down promptly on one of the beds as her head swam. What was she doing? She didn't really want to spank Joanne. They weren't bratty teenagers anymore. She was at college. Heck she'd let Joanne come out here to give her a break from spankings.

And yet.....

And yet Jayme was in charge. She was the eldest sibling and an adult now, having turned eighteen the previous month. More importantly, Mamma had put her in charge. She didn't want to be an ogre. But Joanne had messed up. As always she'd taken an inch and run a mile with it. But did that mean Jayme was right to spank her?

Sitting on the edge of the bed she took a deep breath. "Ok Jayme, think about it logically" she said aloud. "Joanne messed up. She did something she darn well knew she shouldn't do. Gambling all our holiday money on a stupid contest. Alright, we won, so no bad came of it. But plenty of bad could have come of it. And a spanking is more than just a punishment, it's also a warning to prevent you making silly mistakes in the future. So yes, she does deserve a spanking."

Still her stomach twisted at the notion.

"So why does it feel wrong?" she murmured. "There were plenty of times I wanted to give Joanne a spanking growing up. Why do I feel so uncomfortable about the idea now?" Jayme rubbed her temples, feeling how hot and flushed her face was. She rested cool palms on her cheeks and felt the flush recede, helping her think.

Was it that she'd get into trouble? No, her parents had put her in charge, and they would absolutely agree Joanne deserved a spanking (and a sound one at that). Heck, if she'd pulled that trick at home Joanne would likely be going to the woodshed. So why was the thought of administering a punishment making her stomach twist?

Then finally it came to her. One line that made it all make sense: "This will hurt me more than it's going to hurt you."

The number of times she'd been set across her parents' knees or bent over the side of her bed and heard this phrase, it was etched into her memory. But of course, like any child, she'd never understood it. Not until today. But it made perfect sense. She didn't want to spank Joanne. She wanted to be her friend, her sister, the cool older sibling taking her on a get-away-from-it-all holiday. But Joanne needed to be punished for her actions, and she was in charge. "With great power comes great responsibility," She said, quoting the comics like her parents quoted scripture.

Jayme took a deep breath in, then exhaled. Gathering her composure she stood, crossed to the bathroom door, and calmly knocked.

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Inside the bathroom, Joanne locked the door and stepped away. For a moment she was afraid Jayme would break the door down to come after her, she seemed so mad. But after a single knock there was a spooky silence. Confused and a little scared, Joanne lowered the lid and sat atop the toilet.

"What the heck just happened?" she whispered, pinching the bridge of her nose between forefinger and thumb. There was a familiar pressure building there and Joanne didn't like what it entailed.

She was going to cry.

What was the problem? She knew Jayme would win. An automated, bucking Bronco Machine in a seaside arcade. Jayme had won *actual* rodeo. And the guys hanging around were all rich kids from upstate. They would never have beaten Jayme. And it wasn't a sin. Not really. They had been keen to take on Joanne's "sister," presuming it would be another dark-haired, petite Goth girl. Even when

they had seen Jayme, tall and long limbed, none of them had backed out. They clearly had it coming.

But then gambling was a sin. And it hadn't even been her money she was gambling with.

Inside an uneasy sick feeling was rising in Joanne's stomach. She knew that feeling too. It was guilt.

The tears came now, replacing the anger of the moment and streaking her cheeks. The memory played again and again in her head, and she could see it all from the side-lines. Pride, arrogance, greed. Blast, was she going to be sick? She certainly felt nauseous, but it would pass.

No, she realised, as more tears flowed. It wouldn't pass. It would go away, but only when she was forgiven. She had to apologise to her sister, have her call their parents, and...

But then their holiday would be over. Papa would demand her on the first train back, and Jayme would likely get an earful for letting it happen. Heck they might even call Jayme back from her holiday too. Give her a spanking for not keeping Joanne under control.

No! Joanne stood up. She wasn't going to ruin Jayme's holiday. Jayme, who had been nice enough to bring her along, and frankly must have better things to do than spend spring break babysitting her sixteen-year-old sister.

Just the thought of how much trust she'd betrayed Jayme's trust twisted a knife in her guts. Deep down Joanne knew there was only one thing for it. Only one way

she'd feel better. Taking a steadying breath she strode to the door, sliding the bolt back just as Jayme knocked again.

Gingerly she opened it, and the two sisters faced each other across the threshold.

"You need to be spanked," Jayme said.

"I need to be spanked," Joanne said, at the same time.

An uneasy silence settled between the two of them.

"I-I don't actually want to do it," Jayme confessed.

"I need it," Joanne replied. "I deserve it and I-I want it. I want to get it over with and be forgiven."

"You know I forgive you right?" Jayme asked. "You can be pretty annoying at times but you're my sister, and your heart is always in the right place."

Fresh tears rolled down Joanne's cheeks. And she realised Jayme's eyes were glistening too.

"It isn't just about you forgiving me. It's about me feeling forgiven. I feel lousy right now. You've messed up enough to know what I mean Jayme, and you know what will make me feel better."

"A spanking?" Jayme asked.

“A spanking!” confirmed Joanne.

The two sisters hugged for a moment, and Joanne felt the sickly feeling instantly begin to recede.

Eventually Jayme broke the hold. “You know what you need to do?” she asked.

Joanne bit her lip and nodded nervously. Then, as Jayme stepped away she began to undress, carefully removing all her clothing, scooping up her sunglasses once they fell forgotten to the floor, and standing before her older sister, naked as Eve.

Jayme meanwhile recovered her hairbrush from her suitcase and sat upon the end of the bed.

How many times had she dreamed of this when they were younger? Of really teaching her little sister a lesson. And now, here she was, wishing with all her heart she didn’t have to do this.

“Warning shots to warm you up. That’s thirty swats Joanne, and it will be on your bare behind. Then I’m going to use the belt, understand?”

“Yes, Jayme.” Joanne sniffed, then stepped forward, bending over Jayme’s lap and positioning herself. Both girls had spent enough time in this position to know how to make it comfortable, and they quickly settled in, Joanne bent over with her splayed fingers touching the floor and her feet hanging free.

“Here they come,” Jayme said, and landed the first smack on Joanne’s bared behind.

All the Schmidt sisters received regular spankings, and their behinds existed in a permanent state of slight tenderness. Still it took more than one firm swat to make Joanne yell out. Fortunately, more than one firm swat was what she had coming.

"Thwack, Thwack, Thwack!" went the hairbrush.

Jayme stuck her tongue out between her teeth as she concentrated. This was harder than she thought. Not just the willpower to see the punishment done, but the simple act of it itself. She needed to cover Joanne's rear, not focus all her attention in one place. She needed to keep her swing nice and even, and of course she couldn't lose count. Briefly she wondered if that was why Mamma often made them count their spankings, then realised in horror she had lost count. Mind reeling Jayme swallowed and asked, "How many was that?" trying to sound confident and in command.

"Eleven, Jayme" came Joanne's reply, her voice strangely muffled by her position near the floor.

"Good," Jayme answered, hoping it was correct, and resumed her spanking, this time taking care to count the strokes in her head as she spread the strokes out. Initially she was worried she might not be hitting hard enough, but by fifteen Joanne was squeaking, and at nineteen the dam broke and Joanne began to cry out with each smack. Her body bucked on Jayme's lap and her legs began to kick with each stroke. Confident she was getting her point across Jayme continued her spanking until she reached twenty-five.

Laying across her lap, Joanne had begun to sob. She realised she'd been hoping to hold it in, to endure her spanking stoically, perhaps not to look weak in front of her sister. But as the harsh stinging smacks had built up into a steady burning heat in her behind, Joanne had been forced to abandon all pretence of pride, and began to yell.

Now she slumped crying across Jayme's lap, confusion slowly working its way through the thoughts of her burning behind as she realised Jayme had stopped six strokes too soon.

"I've just realised you need another punishment for the sin of gambling itself. But I don't want to spank you for a third time, so I've got a little something in mind." Jayme, her voice seeming to come down from on high.

Joanne twisted to try and see what was going to happen, then she felt the brush being patted against her bare behind, and realised with horror Jayme had flipped it.

"Not the bristles!" she cried out, but that was exactly what Jayme had in mind.

The next smack sent a hundred tiny needles of fire burning through Joanne's behind and caused her to buck like the Bronco Machine at the centre of the issue. Jayme found that strangely appropriate. "The punishment fits the crime I guess" she whispered, then landed another swat on Joanne's behind.

Joanne howled and howled! Each stroke made her buck and scream. By the time her last six strokes were done Joanne was hanging over Jayme's lap sobbing like a babe. Jayme let her rest a moment before ordering her up. Standing, Jayme saw her younger sister naked and red faced, eyes puffy and swollen with tears and couldn't help but hug her.

"Nearly done Jo' she whispered. Go stand in the corner for ten minutes, then when I call you bend over the bed."

Sobbing, Joanne nodded and stepped away, her hands rising to her head. With practiced efficacy, she moved to the corner and planted her nose firmly in it, resisting the urge to rub her burning behind and alleviate the sting of the bristles.

Ten agonising minutes later Jayme called out, “Alright Joanne, we both know the drill.”

Reluctantly Joanne crept over to the bed, bending over while keeping her legs straight to push her bottom up high.

“H-How many am I getting?” she stammered, looking at the long white belt Jayme had dug out of her luggage.

“As many as you deserve Joanne,” she replied, then softened the blow. “Just Ten. You’ve shown genuine contrition, so I’d give you the minimum for two offences.”

Joanne sniffed, genuinely grateful. She spread her legs a little and braced herself.

“Ready?” Jayme asked.

“Ready,” Joanne replied.

“CRACK!” said the belt, taking up its part in the conversation, a line it repeated several times to the accompaniment of Joanne yelling, “Ahhh! Yowie! Yaaaa! Eouch! Waaaa!”

By the time ten strokes had been administered, Joanne was again sobbing freely, and her behind was a red and crimson mess.

Jayme landed one open-palmed smack on her sister's bottom. *"SMACK!"*

"And that's for not listening to your big sister," she added with a chuckle.

Joanne collapsed onto the bed, realising with Jayme's laugh the punishment was finally over. Wasting no time, Jayme dropped down next to her and wrapped Joanne up in a hug.

"I'm sorry I had to do that," she said, honestly.

"Not as sorry as I am," Joanne replied, and both girls began to laugh.

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Sometime later Joanne lay naked on her bed. She had a pillow tucked under her lifting her rump up in the air. Jayme sat beside her, an ice bag filed from the machine gently pressed against Joanne's blowing red behind.

"What will we do with the money we won?" Joanne asked, lifting her head off the pillow and turning to face her sister.

"We'll find a local Baptist church tomorrow. We'll tell the minister what happened, and ask him to use it for some charity work."

Joanne nodded.

“Well, most of it.” Jayme smiled. “I think we can spend just a little on room service. You fancy some ice cream?”

“Can we get some for my behind?” Joanne asked, and the sisters laughed again.

[The End]